

## SUNDAY ADVERTISER

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## The Cost of Government

Christian Science Monitor.

No more opportune time could offer for a thorough and a calm discussion of the cost of government in this country than that which shall be afforded by the coming congressional campaign. Without question there will be many "issues" up for discussion, and some of them of great importance, but a careful and intelligent analysis of the entire political situation will show that the increasing volume of public expenditure, touching and influencing as it does every other governmental interest, should be paramount. A high protective tariff is to a large extent excused, high taxes are justified, the high cost of living is explained, upon the basis of increasing cost of administration at Washington. To measure the effect which the example of the government's outpouring of revenue has upon the popular mind would be to enter the realm of speculation, but it is safe to say that the extravagance that wins credence for the assertion that good business management would save the government no less than \$300,000,000 annually is a matter that should not only appeal for correction to the discriminating political thought, but to the moral sense of the country.

Not many realize that the cost of government has more than doubled since Grover Cleveland's first administration, when it reached \$1,136,454,697. It went up to \$1,468,559,125 under Harrison, and back to \$1,427,842,884 in Cleveland's second administration. The Spanish war caused it to jump to \$2,311,602,724 in McKinley's first administration; in Roosevelt's first term (including part of McKinley's second) it fell back slightly, being \$2,138,006,651, and in Roosevelt's second administration it reached the high water figure of \$2,586,097,633. At the present time there is some question as to whether the appropriations of the recent session of congress exceeded or fell short of the billion-dollar mark. Plainly, however, the economies promised have not been carried out, and, clearly, unless the American public shall take a deeper interest in the subject and assume an attitude of determined insistence upon wholesale retrenchment, we shall move still farther away from the economical methods of administration which were practiced even as late as Cleveland's time.

The first step toward greater economy is to see to it that candidates for congress are urged to oppose all forms of extravagance and to work for better business methods in all departments.

## Sea-Lure

The real fascination of the sea Ulysses knew, and Drake, and Captain Cook, and all the far-advancing crew of long-dead voyagers who sailed boldly forth when every horizon dipped in mystery and every day brought new and unknown perils.

Though there are now no voyages like these, so long that the mariner, furling his time-soiled sails and setting foot on shore was land-sick from long habit of the rocking sea, and though sea dangers have been made small by steam and charts and lights and wireless, that weird magic that ever forestalls superstition dreamed of, there is still the sea, fascinating because capable of human moods—of kindness, anger, joyousness and treachery, and there are still some perils left. Where uncertain dangers lie in wait there is always charm for true seamen, and for all manly spirits, and though in fog and straying derelict, in lee shore and shouting storm, we have the only dangerous monsters of the valley deep, they are still strong to stir the hearts of men for the struggle with nature, which is so alluring. Some of us, who have known the sea in these sterner aspects, or in whose veins the sea-blood of long lines of ocean-faring ancestors runs, still feel its influence like a maelstrom. These are the true sea-lovers, who have in their love something of the awe that the older race knew, knowing in one way or another the sharp teeth of adventure. To such there is no monotony in the sea, where every angle of every wave and of every windlass swell disclose a different hue, and every hour has its own pageant of color. Then the nights—what two nights at sea were ever the same? It is as if God's hand had set one down in the great tube of his kaleidoscope, to be a part of his eternally-moving spectacle.

But, after all, it is of man's relations to the sea that people in general delight to hear; it is as if nature's rough hand moved them to awe rather than to interest, but at the sight of a human face the heart in them leaps up. Into the moving picture of the sea, where every peril is a background for heroism and unselfishness, man has brought daring, courage and loyalty to trust. Something of the broadness of the far-horizoned ocean, its openness to nature, creeps into the composition of those who use the sea; in some subtle way they seem to reflect its heartiness without a touch of its treachery. The sailor man is even more interesting than the element he sails on. He is nature's creature, and as truly typical of the sea as the forest creatures are of their green wilds. Who would not like to think, as poets do, that he found his joy in life in feeling his canvassed ship answer nimbly to his touch upon the wheel, in watching the gray unfolding of the morning, in witnessing the grim and mighty aspect of the storm!

## Why Men Dread the Law

New York World.

"It is coming to pass," says Mayor Gaynor, speaking of the law's delay, "that business men prefer to let criminal offenses against them go rather than prosecute them." If conditions are such that men hesitate to go to court in defense of their own rights, how much more oppressive they must be in the cases of jurors and witnesses who without recourse are compelled to be in attendance!

One of the essentials of justice is promptness. Justice may be delayed so long as to lose its value, as in the case of a brakeman at Long Island City who after five trials covering as many years finally secured a verdict. A wrong thus endured may at last be corrected literally and yet never be fully redressed. For this reason some of our early constitution-makers devoted their preambles to tautological definitions of justice which sound quaintly enough at this day. By their very repetitions they emphasized their determination that justice should be speedy, certain and cheap, just as some of the old English writers habitually used the double negative when they wished to give strength to a denial.

For the protection of the weak as well as the strong every litigant may employ the power of the courts to compel the attendance of witnesses. This is a necessary provision but one which is greatly abused. Witnesses may be practically in custody for days, perhaps through malice, and have no reparation. If the administration of the law could be expedited and regulated a great burden would be lifted from the shoulders of thousands and the public expense would be materially reduced.

With the President of the United States and the Mayor of New York, both good lawyers and experienced judges, giving their attention to this reform, something tangible should come of the movement.

BY KAHULUI BAY.

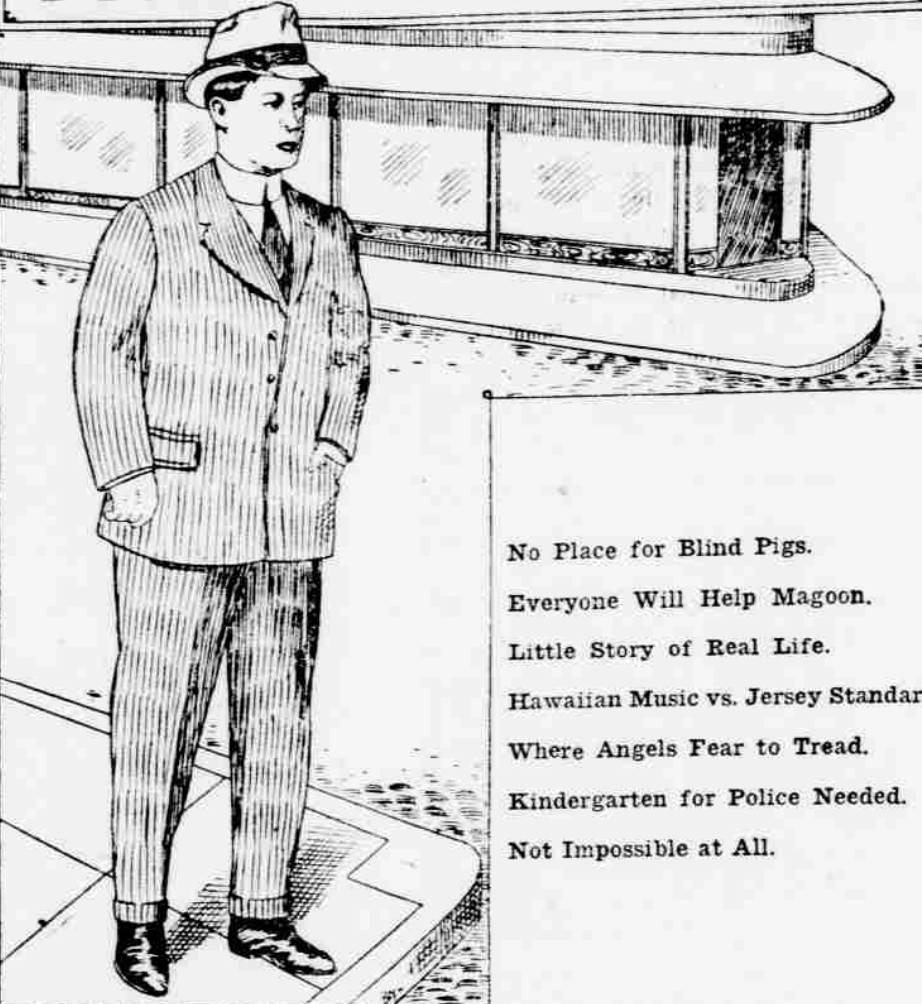
H. M. Ayres.

Ever the waves roll shoreward, ever the plovers cry  
Each to each on the sand-hills, or over the lone dunes fly;  
Ever the wind brings largess, fleeced from the salt sea-spray,  
And all life's cares vanish, by Kahului bay.

The painted mountains beckon, where light and shadow hide,  
The white reef breathes a summons, born of the flushing tide;  
But neither hill nor ocean have charms the heart that reach,  
Like those of the wind-swept sand-dunes by Kahului beach.

No crowds disturb the stillness, no dwellings mar the scene—  
Naught but a fisher's cottage with its garden-patch of green;  
Afar two townships travail and hearts beat grave and gay,  
But care nor sorrow troubleth, by Kahului bay.

## THE BYSTANDER



No Place for Blind Pigs.

Everyone Will Help Magoon.

Little Story of Real Life.

Hawaiian Music vs. Jersey Standards.

Where Angels Fear to Tread.

Kindergarten for Police Needed.

Not Impossible at All.

I would hate to be the proprietor of a blind pig on Maui so long as Judge Burchard is on the bench. Better far a humble piggery on Oahu, with a jury to go before and Sunday privileges, than the owner of the biggest swipes joint in all the Valley Isle. Judge Burchard has no use for blind pigs, and still less use for the man who runs one, which is strange, considering how popular the unlicensed institution is on the Garden Island, where ninety flourish amid missionary influences. Even on Hawaii, where little is popular that does not bring in a county revenue, either by the front or back door, the blind pig has the aloha given to an old friend gone wrong. But the Maui justice not only calls the blind pig business by bad names, but substantiates these by sending the blind piggers to jail.

Judge Burchard roasted one before he sentenced him last week and I am going to have his words republished, in order that Billy Fennel may have them handy to quote at the next circuit court jury he has a case before. The last such jury took the blind pig's boss' word on the witness stand in preference to Fennel's and to that of Chief McDuffie.

This is what Burchard said about his case:

I can not find words too strong to condemn the crime charged against this man. In fact, the legislature has provided strong penalties to be administered in such cases as the one before us; we have laws regulating the sale of intoxicating liquors which provide limitations as to days of sale, as to persons to whom liquors may be sold, as to the character of liquors to be sold, and many other wholesome provisions intended to guard the public against imposition and fraud.

To men engaged in similar business as that to which this defendant has plead guilty, they know no law of society or decency; for mere avarice and gain they will sell any compound however injurious to the physical, mental and moral nature of their victims; as they do not pay a license and are not subject to any limitations they become unjust competitors of those who obey the law in order to conduct their business; they become a menace to society at large by producing the worst form of debauchery, and thereby their injury is far greater to society than that of the criminal who, led by impulse and emotion, or the sudden rise of passion may commit an act violating the law. These pestilential spots breed crime, debase reason, blunt the intelligence, ruin homes, make widows and orphans, and brutalize their victims. I need not draw the picture of the villainous influence upon the public at large; they produce calamities that can not be measured in words; they worse than destroy human existence itself. They must and shall be suppressed, and no officer or citizen who has either respect for his office or his duty as a member of society, will fail to do his utmost to suppress this evil.

It would be a mere waste of words to lecture this defendant. I doubt if he even now appreciates anything that may be said to him, but there is a class of men who, like himself, are engaged in this illegitimate business, or contemplate so engaging, to whom I would give an admonition.

In dealing with this case, in one sense I am inflicting punishment upon the taxpayers of this county, but it would be useless to fine this defendant a monetary fine. We can vindicate the law by closing up this particular dead-fall for at least a time.

My friend J. A. Magoon certainly could not have known that the piece of land he has leased on the corner of King and Kapiolani streets was to be used for a Chinese tenement house. Mr. Magoon, with his well-known ideas of the obligation everyone owes to his neighbor and all owe to the community, would not have had those billboards torn down only to have them replaced by something infinitely worse. As a kamaaina he knows the old associations the cluster around Thomas Square and the Old Plantation; as a leading citizen he has the same pride in having that neighborhood kept clear of nuisances of the oriental shack variety as anyone; as a public-spirited man he assuredly would be the first to protest against any such desecration as will be going on very shortly unless some prompt steps can be taken to head it off.

There was a general rejoicing on the part of the public generally and on the part of those who have erected beautiful homes around Thomas Square particularly when workmen were seen tearing the ugly billboards up by the roots. These signs have disfigured that corner for some time and it was supposed that the matter had simply escaped Mr. Magoon's attention until then. Very probably Mr. Magoon only thought of getting those billboard monstrosities out of sight when he leased that corner.

The Makiki Improvement Club, which fought off a Japanese tenement from Piikoi street, will probably be asked to rally to Mr. Magoon's support now to prevent this worse thing. Mr. Magoon has not invited their cooperation as yet, but those who know him best are in no doubt but that he will take every step possible to cancel the lease and do his share in preserving the City Beautiful from further scars.

When the Hongkong Maru brought Yong Yup, baker of bread, little saffron-colored gnome, from dim-lamped China to Honolulu, properly provided with a paper that said he had been born in this land of freedom and the proper letters of introduction to secure witnesses to prove it, his only possessions were his pipe and his joss, to say nothing of the little store of opium he had in a place where it got ashore without anyone but him to know how.

The pipe was of age blackened silver with raised characters running round it: "Heaven has a Thousand Doors," he told me it meant. The joss was a small, fat, smiling image of ivory, black as night. When Yong Yup went to live in an alleyway off Maunakea street he took his pipe and his joss, his first work in housekeeping being to make a shrine for the latter, hanging around it little gauds and tinsels and paper flowers of brilliant hues. Then he burned incense and paper to the joss that it might bring him good fortune in this land which he had had to enter through much perjury. While the little burning sticks filled the room with the scented smoke of nights, Yong lay on his mat and inhaled the white smoke from his pipe, wandering in the gardens of paradise, with the rich songs of birds in his ears, and in his nostrils the perfume of wonderful flowers.

But, from the very first, Yong Yup had pilikia in the affairs of life. Bad Luck held up her cloak and threw a shadow over every path he tried. He burned all the incense he could afford with opium jumping to a hundred dollars a pound and hard to get at that. He piled the sticks under the flat nose of the joss, but his luck grew worse and his spirits fell with his fortunes. The bakeshop man he worked for won back the wages he paid him with loaded dice, or the police broke in on any game in which he was ahead and between bail money and money for the white lawyers he never won. Then, on the wings of rumor, came word that his wife in China had been false to him and

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## SIDELIGHTS

THE JAPS DON'T LIKE US.

Secretary of War Dickinson met with a royal reception in Japan, and peace between the two countries was again determined upon. Perkin was thought that the white and the brown man should ever come into contact, and in loving embraces.

Just the same the Jap has no particular aloha for the white man, and doesn't shed many tears when pilikia is his lot.

Because the work is fairly well and very cheaply done, I have my husband's clothes taken for cleaning and pressing to a Japanese outfit along Hotel street. To avoid marital differences which might be occasioned by the garments not getting home on time, I occasionally visit the joint. On the walls are chromos. You can see Port Arthur fall. You can gaze upon the warlike and triumphant features of many a Japanese general and admiral. The warships are properly pictured. Naturally all of it is Japanese. You may search in vain for Napoleon or Kamehameha or Bismarck or Washington or Bill Jarrett, or any of the names of other nationalities.

The Jap had no camera handy when the Declaration of Independence was signed, or when Grant sent up the price of apple trees at Appomattox.

But on Friday I discovered a new picture in the gallery. It was not in an obscure corner. It was not insignificant in size. Before, there was but one of the art chromos which was framed; that was a motto in Japanese characters which the cleaner explained to me read something like "God Bless Our Race." On the day mentioned there were two with frames. The frame of the left arrival was red, white and blue. The colors could not be mistaken. The picture was about two feet by one. It didn't need any label, but it had one, printed in both English and Japanese. It was a picture of Jack Johnson, and the label was "Champion of the World." In the upper right-hand corner, near the coon's head, was a photographic reproduction of the log cabin in which Abraham Lincoln learned how to tell stories and write emancipation propositions. In the lower left, next to a large side-stepping foot, was a life representation of the severance of shackles from some one who was looked much like Sheriff Henry's reward pictures of Anderson Grace. "Liberty" was written under the representation.

Do not confine your artistic and historical researches to Professor Brigham's whiskers and other treasures, or to Jamie Wilder's kerosene creations, or to our Kiloheana Art League brilliant discoveries and discussions. Get down, and ascertain by my method that the Japs have an artistic method of expressing their dislike of white people. Their coon picture method of expressing the dislike is certainly one worthy of investigation and research which may have most valuable results.

THE EDUCATION OF THE PLEBISCITES.

Let us have more prohibition campaigns. No matter what they, or other plebiscites, may accomplish insofar as the immediate, direct issue is concerned, they are certainly educational in their tendencies. For I have learned about history from newspaper and other accounts of the various disquisitions than I ever knew from the books in Miss Allyn's library or those advertised and sold by Honolulu's fancy book stores.

The most interesting fact gleaned was from an eloquent speech delivered at an antiprobhibition meeting on one of the other Islands. Unfortunately I could not be personally present, but fortunately I was able to glean, indirectly, post mortem facts. At the conclusion of the meeting, the leading orator of the evening, in a burst of eloquence in his peroration, dropped his carefully written speech, and amidst the plaudits of the assembled audience, forgot to pick it up. A brother-in-law of mine—how reluctantly I admit it—was one of the managers of the meeting. He picked up the manuscript, and, thinking I might be interested, forwarded it to me.

Interested I was. The first eight pages were written in the Hawaiian language, and although I am slightly acquainted with it, I could not understand enough of it to do justice to its author by attempting anything in a translation. I saw many and many an "aole" interspersed, and that, of course, I could understand. I saw "kanaka pilikia," and that, of course, I could understand. But on the whole the language was more or less new to me.

There were seven and three-quarter pages of the English version of there did I gain my education and information along historical lines. Weington drank, and so did Tom Jefferson. Congress pays millions of dollars a year for booze, and the right to drink was one recognized by the Constitution of the United States of America. Somewhere or other I had learned the idea that Pat Henry's school boy speech, where "Give me liberty or give me death" had been sonorously thundered forth, was delivered down in the legislative halls of the Colony of Virginia, a year or two before the Declaration of Independence was made famous, and more than a dozen years prior to the adoption of our Constitution. Not so. Draw a red line through your lips, and your Von Holst, and your Fiske, and other authorities on American history. For here, in this speech, written by a prominent public man, was it recited that at Liberty Hall, when the Constitution was being adopted, Henry said "Give me liberty or death." Even the quotation of the authors I have named was wrong, for the orator cut out the last "Give me."

And if The Advertiser does not believe me, and will give me a look, I will furnish a photographic copy. The original text can not be had, for, in the interest of historical accuracy, I am going to forward it to the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

CHINESE AND AUTOMOBILES.

On the face of the earth there is not a more industrious race than the Chinese. On the face of the earth there is not a more imitative race than the Chinese. Eight-hour laws were never manufactured for them. Patent laws were never manufactured for them. They labor at least twice the statutory number of minutes, and infringe any patent ever granted. Some day their virtues will be recognized, and we will cut out the discriminatory, unfair exclusion laws, and treat them just as well as we do a Russian or a Korean.

Before that day arrives, however, the Chinaman has something to learn, and at least one superstition to overcome. Until the time he has been educated and civilized along the one particular line I shall mention, he is an undesirable immigrant.

Did you ever see a Chinese automobile driver? Did you ever see a Chinaman ride in an automobile unless he had to? Did you ever see a Chinaman at an automobile with aught save looks of contempt—perhaps abhorrence? I will venture to assert that the answer to each and every of these questions will be "aole."

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## Small Talks

THEODORE RICHARDS—I was for the dry on Tuesday but I got mighty wet just the same.

JOHN WISE—Perhaps the Bulletin has had its source of supply cut off, but that does not mean that we all have.

ED. TOWSE—We are getting together in Manoa to see that the leading citizens get out and do their share in the coming primaries.

PROFESSOR ABE—All things considered I should say that the Japanese laborers are twice as well off here as they would be at home.

SAM JOHNSON—Watching those strong men at the Park makes me wish I had parallel bars somewhere in my lumber mill. I'm getting all out of practice.

JOHNNY MARTIN—I took a straw vote on prohibition in the jail and it was solid for no saloon. I tell you, straws show which way the stripes run.

CHARLEY BARTLETT—We ran a clean campaign. We even cut an hour's booze out of the headquarters and advised the saloons to stay shut an hour after the regular closing hour of the polls.

ROYAL D. MEAD—Sam Gompers making kicks about Hawaii, hey? Well, let's get together and start mass meeting to protest about the white slave trade in New York and peonage in the turpentine camps in the south.

CHESTER DOYLE—A Hawaiian in Hilo wanted his money back from the MacRaes when he saw "The Lion and the Mouse." He said he watched the play carefully and there was neither lion nor mouse on the stage at any time.

DAN T. CAREY—The racing spirit is running high on Maui. There will be several good pony races on August 12. There will be a meeting of the Maui Racing Association next Tuesday evening and it will probably be decided to go right ahead with the work of moving the grandstand and improving the Sirockels' Park track.